



Shaven Identity



hair-is-your-identity

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Chapter 1 by -

To have your head shaved, was the worst punishment one could be given. It would stripped you of everything.

The length of your hair told your age. The thickness represented the quality of your life. The color, the different shades, depicted every characteristic of you - good *or* bad.

One look at a person, and you knew everything worth knowing.

It was a constant struggle, for men and women alike. The competition was tremendous. To come to work one day with just one strand of black hair, could make the boss fire you. It was a continuous stress. To never know when a lie you told, or an angry look, would come through for the world to see.

Black was the most damning color. Gray meant you recently had a black strand. And white said that you had overcome whatever had caused the black.

It took seven days for black to turn to white if you had repented. and done your good deeds.

My hair had always been the envy of all. It reflected my sweet, caring, helpful nature, and my peppy, bubbly, adventurous personality. Purple, blue, green... All of it.

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But today, as I gazed into the mirror admiring my new spring dress and flowing hair, I found one black strand.

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